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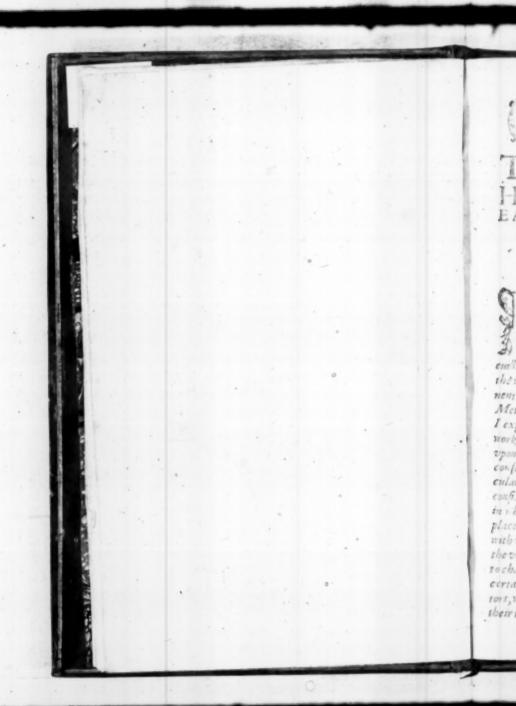
FAME IN TRIVMPH RIDING.

OR,
THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF THE LATE HONORABLE EARLE OF ESSEX.



LONDON,

Printed by R. B. for Roger lackson, and are to be folde at his Shoppe in Fleet-streete, neere the Conduit. 1604.





TOTHERIGHT HONORABLE THE EARLES OF SOVTHHAMPTON

Baron of Grayes, R. P. without all increate of honor, and endlelle happinelle.

De tigh benerable, and worthily renowmed

Lords, Such is the mutabilitye of times on unconflant motion: as that things weldone Cannot challenge to themsclues, the certainty of their event, norwithout fuffect of emil(misconstrued deputation) build their hope. Anduben the wel meaning actions f mughiy men cannot (in permanen; fability stand cleared from the after-ray d-op mifty Meteors which may encomber them; what then floulde I expect being no other then ponerty it felfe) but that this work by me adventured fould with my felf dangeroufly run upon uncertaine hopes? although the uprightnes of my conference vowes, I have not berunt o bin lead by any particular innectine spleen or in bulent affection; only a primate confideration made me ibinke, that it might now be a time in which the praise of honours worthines mught have his place, and not any longer by a violent imposition be taxed with undeferred entil, It were inhumane tyranny, to forbid the vertues of the dead to be comended: and no leffe cruelty to charge the decenfed with uncomitted offences. I here are certainpolitains in this age not vulike the Grecian Orators, which Diogenes called susariumos, thrife double men; their tongues and pens are miserably valiantuhey may well

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

betearmed three times thrife double minded men: theyr ayery fatios tottering fands aloft like windmils placed oppon a mount ayes top, whose sayles can turne themselues to ombrace the benefit of each variable blast; but, being climbd unto an extraordinary beight, are oft times by an unexpetted forme sodainly throwne headlong downe, and broken at the mountains footesleaving their recuerlesse rumes to remayne unmouned monuments of their presumptiones, mounting. Some goulden mony mouthed eloquence, that vfeth a detractors Oratry, may stop the unequal current of his fine wits most grosse ingendred flux by fetching from the Tyrant Neto a very welprescribed documet. For planly thus his affirmation fayth: that it is no part of awife man thence to drawe credit to himselfe, from whence proceedeth discreditiohis friend. Is it not maruell that arhetoricall politician hould be leffe wife then wicked Nerowas? & that his senence houlde directly calibina foole? yet thus it bappeneth, when with the change of time, Time ferners vieto fay, Hac non lucceffit: alia aggrediendum est via.

When bonor and onft aind nobility, by ill addise and inconsiderate thoughts, untimely falls into some duangerous accident: then though the lawe, in robes of inflice armad, with quick purfinte doth follow enils amife; yet flooded no minde on fuch dependence dwelless if his wifer-far time of triumph were imbrait, when he might glory inhonored vertues fall: andlike alsunge of proude degenerate brajen infolence, enen in the gall of ennie hate, and malice steeps, scornefully impuone the hmor of a Lands renowmed nobleneffe, God, with my foule, an uncontrowled witnes beare: I not defire to speake against the instice of the lawe nor any honorable mag frace in place of Councel or of government only my words may neerly glance at such whose proud deme anour, or inful-

sing : that. but n chron micht. bids which tle wo your Ibea of El this b defire ofan Iban fed to 277.1 build my la

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The Epistle Dedicatorie.

sing violence, made to the world an apparant demonstration that they were most toyfull actors in a mournefull tragedy: but now the inflice of the beauens decree bath most suffly throwne themselnes unto the stroke of the selfe same indeement. And now, my honorable Lords, when I looke back unto my owne unworthinesse, my Muse doth sound retrayee, and bids me stay the further occurrence of some other thinges, which wold most willingly be issuing forth. And for this little worke already done by me, with love submission I intreate your pardon: and do solemnly protest that the unfamed love I beare unto the late Honorable, and yet stell bonored Earle of Effex, bath with an ineuitable force caused me to make this briefe description of his life and death. And though I defire to be freed from a Poets name; yet because the musich of a mourning verse doch best confort with sorrowes passion, I have made chay se thereof, in hope your L. L. will be pleafed to excuse my unpolisher, rough, unsmoothed Poeery. My greatest studie with religious care bath sought to build my words upon the ground of truth: & having brought my labor to an end, I knew not better unto whome to dediease the same then to your Honors. Not for my sake then, out for his, whose vertues I desire should line, be pleased to receive this well meaning worke into your loves protection; and thus, with all submissive humblenesse, a souldier humbly throwes his lines service at your Honors feet.

Yours, in all dutifull obedience,

R. P.

A 3

To



To the Reader, health.

Lthough, right courteous Reader, my former writings have not to imbouldned me, as that I should againe aduenture to bring my elfe vnto fo mi erable a punishment, as the third time to indure the prefferyet choosing rather to dy, then not to manifest my love vinto an honorable deceased Earle, I have, out of the affectio of an honest mind, defired to fet before your eyes the fame of honor, in his Traumphriding and doch spe, the for his take, whole living vertues I labour to commende, this worke of mure shall bring it selfe into your kind: acceptance. And as you defire that the plants of honor, now established, shoulde storath with a glarious dignity, doe not choose out any one particular, whose same and prayle you will defire to follow, with the generality of a popular estimation; nor involve the person of a noble n an in the ayerie cloudes of your intemperate Aue: least the honour, which you most defire to preferue, bee vnumely payloned by your breath: of which euent, this after following briefe description contaynes a mournefull spectacle, Reade therefore with respectime diligence, and have greate regarde, you do no miurie, by fetting any imposition in his wrong place; which you shall directly doe, if you beare my wordes against any, which doe now continue in place of honour, honorablye deferuing : for vinto them the Authour doth afcribe all honourable efficiation on. Thus the good opinion of eache well affected reader he defireth, whose hearte preserreth theyr content before his owne, whole life is readie in a fouldiers place ; vnto the last article of death, to manifest the vnfayned loue he beareth vnto his coun. eries publick benefite. Vale,

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Honors fame, in Triumph riding.

From forth the dust, my lines desire to rayse bright honors same, in triuphs state to ride, Whose living worth did so adorne his prayse, as that his glory shall to the world abide. The only Mirror of a valiant mind, (clin'd, Whose Honors thoughts, not to base wealth in Doe make him live, though long since dead, And crownes with bayes his buried head.

(arme,

Whil'st breath gaue strength, vnto his warlike he did vphould the pompe of Englands state: He stroug to shield his native soyle from harme, and did the pride of proudest foes abate: Aking doines eyes once sawe his faithfull trust, And did accompt his actions wise and just: Greate Mais stie, and wise domes Queene, Would say his in e was never seene.

Euen from his youth, till yeares of riper strength,
in vertues schoole, a studious life he spent:
His Honors thoughts desir'd & gaind, at length,
Minernaes tood the sweet of his content:
Apollo deckt his Muse in silvers shine,
And wrapt in gold his goulden thoughts divine:
Honours wonder, wisedoms mirror,
In his brave breast lived together.

4 When





in Triumph riding.

When creeping time had brought to manhoods this honored bud al glorious in his fpring, (yeers Then as the funne from forth a cloude appears, and doth his light with greater brightnes bring: So did this prince: his thoughts maiefticall Made him to be great Lesters Generall;

Braue troupes of horse he brauely led, And thus at first his fame was spred.

But when to Frace his warlike mind had brought him felfe, well arm'd, vpon baye Traces back:
The king and Lords his loue and fauor fought, nor goldnor coyn that valiat prince could lack.
I fawe his fword all bath'd in Foemans bloud,
A broken lance in Traces breast there stood:
French king and Peers did dignisse
This Peerlesse warriers Cheualry.

But when he went to fruitfull Portingale,
for to inthroane a mournefull bannisht king,
How did his deeds his prayse to heaven exhale!
his honors worth you sacred Muses sing.
Spaines Chronicle, and Lisborne gates can tell,
His warlike arme deserved wondrous well:
His foes themselves keepe in record,
That none durst combat with that Lord.
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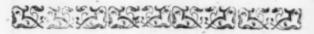
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in Triumph Riding.

When Sun-burnt Spaine in heate of angers toyle,
Did with his Lords in follome counsell set:
Vowing to worke faire Albions vtter spoile,
Against whose state his brest with spleene did frete
This newes no sooner vnto Albian came,
But this braue prince, was thought the worthiest man:
And as Spaine ment to worke our woe,

And as Spaine ment to worke our woe, He thither went, and vsed them so.

Let Cales tell forth the honor of his deeds,
His valiant prowes, and his iustice such:
As who so but their owne description reed,
Will say of truth, that he deserved as much
As ever any noble Conquerer did,
His Conquering sword was with such mercie led:
As datelesse time shall speake his same,
And blaze the honor of his name.

In field, in Court, in peace, in war, he flood
Inuironed with honor and defart:
From him did flow the flreames of vertues flood,
He doubtles had a found and faithfull hart,
To Prince and States, and for the publike weale,
The things amisse he alwaies fought to heale:
Thus did he stand belou'd of all,
And yet the Fates decreed his fall.

Vnhappie





Honors Fame,

Vnhappie time that fent him from this land,
Vnhappie warres that his imployment fought:
Vnhappie broiles rail'd by rebellious hand,
Vnhappie caufe that fowle fuspition wrought:
Vnhappie all, for all vnhappie be,
Vnhappie those that wisht his miserie:
Vnhappie meanes that did direct,
The cause to workeyntrue suspect.

His noble selfe, had he bene fortunate,

Irelands peace had well effected bin:

Without mistrust of danger to the state,

But when to march his armie did begin,

Some misse there was, directions all not kept,

Enuie rous'd vp, that winkt but neuer slept:

Aduantage tooke, when harmeles thought,

To good effect would all haue brought.

In course of warre, a Prince both wise and just,
Must not by booke his march and battells make:
To each occasion turne his hand he must,
And as offence is given, so wisely take
Advantage of the cause, the time and place,
Precribed rules will else procure disgrace:
These paper plots wantes judgement right,
To teach an army how to fight.

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in Triumphant Riding.

But this I thinke, and heauens me witnesse beare,
Though ill successe vpon his Troopes did wait
His honours minde, still kept a princely care
Warres worke to doe without corrupt deceit,
And willingly he neuer did intend
His force against his countries good to bend:
But seeming ill was ill approu'd
By them who not his honour lou'd.

Harmelesse in thought when he a peace had made,
He back returnes to his beloued Queene,
Thinking to rest secure under her shade,
To whome she had a gratious mistris beene:
But wanting warrant for his back returne,
Displeased anger softly gan to burne:
And some that did a stame desire,
Threw slax and oyle into the sire.

This action thus when it at first begun,
And he restrained from Court a prisoner sent:
In treland shinde saire Englands golden Sun,
Whose valiant minds to vertuous actions bent:
With wisdomes care and honoured labor sought,
The meanes whereby rebellions land was brought:
Vnto that peace which first was framde,
By him whome some vniustly blamde.

By Whisse



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Honours Fame,

Whilft noble honour shut vp in disgrace,
Could not have leave to vertues Queene to goe:
Before her Throne to speake and pleade his case,
And to her mercie tell his griefes sad woe:
Then in that time an vndermining wit,
Did clossly frame all actions jumply sit,
Molehills were to mountaines raise,
Each little sault was much dispraise.

The Vulgar eies they lookt, but could not fee
The cause whereon this course it selfe did ground:
And for that they the more deceiu'd might be,
Against him then were strange objections sound:
But this in them more admiration mou'd,
V Vhen much was said, but nothing duly prou'd.
Such triall then they did expect,
As might their thoughts to truth direct.

Oft early would the people swiftly throng,
To that great court where honoured wisdome sets
He that went first would thinke he staide too long,
For golde or silver there a place he gets:
Where it was said impeach'd honour should stand
To wash the gilt from of an vnstaind hand.
All this was yet but labour lost,
For pollicie that course had crost.

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in Triumph Riding.

The beautie of all Kingdoms peerlesse she;

VV hilft breathing life did make her state to florish: [

Would that in publike heard his case should be:

VVhose life she lou'd, and euer sought to nourish:

But eloquence another plot comprilde,

Which to be best, her highnesse was aduisde.

Hereinlay hid the secret ill,

She fought to chide, they fought to kill.

A private hearing was appointed then,

VVhere loues best Lord to each thing answer must:

The Councell grave with other noble men,

Commission had to proue him false or inst:

To throw him downe he lendes a powerfull hand,

VVho by hishelpe was made aloft to fland.

Objections then with greatest force,

Gainst honours Earle hild on their course.

Valiant, renownd, and magnanimious spirit, Submissiuely his humble selfe did beare:

His lowly meckeneffe wonderous praife did merit:

Of them who did his wisdomes answers heare: No traiterous act then staind his honours brow.

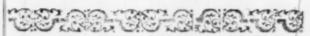
No fault of his could treasons name allow.

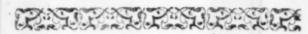
O heauens! why then did after time, VVrap honours Lord in treasons crime?

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Honours Fame,

The Queene of inftice hearing what was done,
That perfite honour with an humble minde:
With low submission to her Throne did runne,
And crau'd he might her mercies fauour finde:
Her Princely heart contentments ioy imbrac'd,
And in her loue, loues Lord againe was plac'd:
Then was there hope that shortly he,
To place in Court restorde should be.

But Enuic, why didn thou againe conspire?

Abused occasion, why didn thou displease?

Suspition, why didn thou instance new fire?

Were all agreed bright honours crest to seaze?

What secret action did inact the thing,

That discontent to Mercies Queene did bring?

She was appealde, what new sowne seede,

Brought forth such fruite her wrath to breede.

Was all things well, and all things ill so soone?
Was no mistrust, and now mistrust abounding:
Wa'st then a time to light a torch at noone?
Was honour the self-honors course confounding?
Why this was strange, from Court to keepe him still,
T'was not amisse to doubt some farther ill:
Such worshippers of policie,
Commits most sowle idolatrie.

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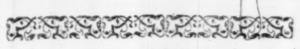
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in Triumph Riding.

But by this meanes true honour was restrainde, From her the mistris of his life and death: He found himselfe of base-bred groomes disdainde, In passion then he sight forth forrowes breath: The prefece of his Queene whole fight most joydhim, Had given him life, the want thereof destroid him. Oh that a Loyall heart should be, Shut from his Soueraignes clemencie.

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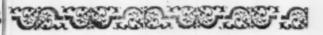
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Let but the man of honour and renowne, That is adorned with his Soueraignes loue: Whose heart is found unto the State and Crowne, Whose thoughts do alwaies faithfull motions If exilde from his King he should remaine, (moue: And as a Traitor beare dishonours staine: What would he thinke, or what course take? Let noble mindes the answere make.

From hence at last greefes boundlesse Ocian flowes, Turning woes streames into a flood of forrow: And to fuch height sad discontentment growes, lingi As that it feekes some meanes of helpe to borrow: Hope tells a course, thats crost, an other sought, This vrg'd occasion his confusion wrought: Still to his Queene he striues to goe, Kept back afresh, begins his woe. Bud

Thus





Honors Fame,

Thus monthes and yeares in restles harbour tost,
A patient hope indures a raging storme:
Bright honors ship did find it selfe neare lost,
His Cable burst, and all his tacklings torne:
Through rockes, through clisses, through walls of
His noble minde did then resolue to passe:

(brasse, for if to Thetis get he could,
Saue life, and men, and ship he should.

Thence did proceed the rigor of that day,
VVhen haples life to live did helpeles strive:
Dispaire in rag'd did beare too great a sway,
Hope could not at his wish for haven arrive:
Revenge, mistrust and hate, prevention wrought,
VVith bloody mouthes, they his destruction sought
From evill to worse, poore Earle he fled,
So was he to the slaughter led.

Guarded with friends, vntimely forth he goes,
To raile a force so strong his part to take:
As that he might remoue his settled foes,
And to his Queenca quiet passage make:
But faithles hate did presently deuise,
Proclayme him traytor, out alonde he criess
The name of traytor kild him dead,
So he aliue was murthered.

Doubtle

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ZEKE ZEKEKEKE

in Triumph riding.

Doubtles I thinke he had no Traytors hart,

'Gainst Queene and State he did no treason plot;
No more did they that then did take his part:

He onely strone 'gainst them that lou'd him not:
But yet the Lawe their act did treason make.

Such hostile armes no subjects up must take.

Thus when he thought an euill to shun,
A greater euill by him was done.

The Law hath past, Iustice his stroke hath strooke,
And he is dead, yet shal he still surviue:
Vpon his honoured Vertues will I looke,
And make them live as were himselfe alive:
He dyde for treason; yet no Traytor. Why?
The Treasondone, he did it ignorantly.
Intent and purpose in the act,
Is that which makes a Traytors sact.

But God forbid such Action should be good,
As rashly into sude Combustion throwes
A Kingdomes State, and wraps her brest in blood;
Where peace in pomp with glorious plenty growes.
And for this cause, I thinke that Instice ment,
To make his death a mournfull President:
His tryall could example give.
Why did not Mercy let him live?

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Honours Fame,

Because that Mercy not arightly knew
His heart, whom she disloyall did account,
Report did feed her taste with Gall and Rue;
For by his fall, some other vp must mount,
And so they have the Gallowes top vnto;
For ever so may such like Mounters doe:
But God is just, so shall they finde,
That lay their plots with bloudy minde.

With humble lynes to Englands honored State,
A Souldiers passion doeth desire to flye,
Who never fought that Lord to ruinate,
Nor chase him with bloud-thirsty cruelty.
True honour? No, some baser stuffe it was,
That sought to bring that stratageme to passe:
For in that time Peeres were no men,
They walkt about like shaddowes then,

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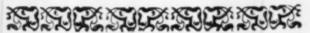
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Yet in the ranke of Honour, Honours grace,
Reuerend, renowm'd, religious, vertuous, learn'd,
Graue, fober, chaste, vpheld a Primates place,
Whose godly wisdome Englands eyes discearnd,
His soule divine was to that Earle a friend,
Whom froward fate bequeath'd to fatallend:
But now their soules in purest love,
Live with their Christ in heavens above.
Then



SESSES ESSES

in Triumphriding.

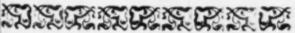
Then Honours Seat, and Wildomes fountayne pure,
Iudgemet approu'd, the rule of Confcience found,
His grie ued thoughts did woes extreme endure,
As did his loue: fo did his griefes abound.
A Iustice Chiese, an equall loue preferres:
No kingdome hath two worthyer Iusticers:
Both these did mourne when Honour sell;
For both were knowne to wish him well.

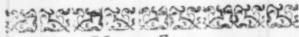
And in my mind of Lords & Earles I view (thrown, A mourning troup, whose looks all downward Told to the world, that they were mourners true; They reapt the fruit that sorrowes seed had sown: Ladies wise, fayre, and chaste, they weeping went, Sad time sad cause procur'd their discontent: Though Law strict course of Iustice kept, The most and best of all sorts wept.

Then Noble minds wil help my Muse to mourne
The losse of him, whom Honour did advance,
In their sad thoughts, have Sable robes bin worne,
They sigh to thinke of that sinister chance,
Whose bloudy had with satal death snatcht hence
That honored Earle, true Honours Excellence.
Doe him this right, and Honour gayne,
Pluck from his Hearse salse rumors stayne.

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Honours Fame,

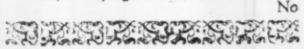
Ohhow I grieue! Report doeth wound my foule:
So many treasons 'gainst that Earle objected,'
Who whilst helia'd, could those reports cotroules
And but in one, that last, and least detected:
Kill him no more, too well we know hee's dead,
Whose life would now a loyes content haue bred.
No paper-powder rays'd up smoke,
Can Fames true honored vertues choke.

It's false, to say, hee would a King have bin:
From faith & honor he made no such digression:
His heart was cleare from such so foule a sin,
Healwayes stood for this approu'd Succession,
Which happily doeth now the Throne possesse:
Heavens mighty God protect his Mightinesse.

Dead Earle, amidst bright Angels wings,

Amenthy heavenly Spirittings.

Damme vp your mouthes, foule Enuies infolence,
Fil nor the world with monstrous mouthed lies,
Of hate and malice you are the Instruments,
Though smoothly you can closely temporize:
Wrong not the dead, nor living honor wound:
Let not one fault all vertues worth confound.
To make the best of things misdone,
Hath alwayes greatest honour wonne.



MEETER WEEKE

in Triumph riding,

No cause there was, that in his sucklesse fall,
So proudly some should triumph as they did,
Against an Earle to spir impoyloned gall:
But bloudy thoughts were made in bloud so red
As heat and rage too much bimselfe forgor,
And boldly spake, he car'd not how nor what.
No vp-start groome for any from the Cart,
Should brave the honour of a lands defart.

So vie base minds in greatnesse to forget
The place whence first they their beginning had;
Their proud distayne the noblest brest would hite
The fall of honour makes them wondrous glad.
So was too else herather would have wept,
Then proudly such a ruffling coyle have kept:
In this I joy, his Prophecy
The time hath turn'd to foolery.

He was not laft, though laft that so shall end.
We have a Bud, sprung fro that honored Branch:
God, in thy love doe thou that Earle defend,
And so his state by vertues steps advance,
As he may grow an honour to his King,
Whose mercy did his youth to honor bring:
And he that drest his fathers dish,
Lord, let his end be worse then his.

C 3 England,

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Honours Fame,

England, beare witnesse, deceased Honour dyde kich in thy Loue, his Loue was pure to thee, Not for his gayne; but for thy good he tryde, To doe what might become his Dignity: He hated Bribes, Extortion he defide, Gayne by thy losse, his noble heart denyde: To doe thee good, he spent his wealth, His loy consisted in thy health.

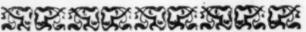
The Church of God, Diuine religious Grace
Was grac'd by him, his heavenly fanctity,
Vnto the written Truth of Godgave place,
His heart did love the reverend Ministery:
All Popish trash, and Romes inventions vilde,
Were from his Soule, as hatefull things exilde.
Good men from foes hee did protect,
The poore he never did reiect,

He was no Churle, nor wretch-like couetous,
His noble Brest, as drosse, base gold esteemd,
Valiant, Liberall, Wise and Vertuous,
His honor more then all worlds wealth he deemd,
Some could in print his honored Bounty scorne,
That largely bare fro him great sheaues of corne.
Such tricks as these Time-servers vie.
What Vertue will they not abuse?

Hc

V

H



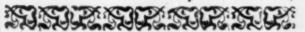
in Triumph riding.

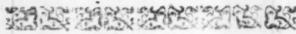
Hefaythfull was and constant to his friend,
In Loue and Iustice alwayes permanent,
His Honours Word, who did thereon depend,
Found, that true Action with his Promise went,
No purse nor pocket could that Lord contayne
Who gives most. Fy, he scorn'd such hateful gain.
No partiall eye made bad things good;
T'wixt both, that Prince vprightly stood.

He was not hollow, like the Vaults of hell,
His foundnesse fled from base hypocrisy,
He fetcht no rules from hel-borne Machiavel,
His learning was divine Philosophy,
His word and deed without a fasse intending,
In Honors Lyst went on, the Truth commending;
His vertues steps to Truth enclinde,
Close subtile falshood vnderminde.

Indeeds of Warre, he was a Souldier tryde,
True Fortitude dwelt in his valiant breft,
The hope of England on his Sword relyde,
Amongst our Worthies let him stand for best:
When he was armde in warres Habilliments,
His Glorie seemde a matchlesse Excellence;
His person, as his vertuestate,
Might Peerelesse with the world compare.

C4
His





Honours Fame,

His Wisdome, Learning and his Eloquence,
His well-grac't speech and flowing veterance,
His quicke conceit and Wisdomes comprehence:
All these rare Gifts his honour did aduance,
And made him line the Mirrour of our time,
Beyod whose worth, no worthier step could clime.
God and Nature did consent,
To make his Substance excellent.

He was not proud, but humble, courteous, meeke:
Ambitious then, who rightly terme him can?
From Articke Poleto the Antartike feeke,
But neuer finde a brauer Gentleman:
Croffe all the Zoans, and in no Clymatedwells
A Vertue, that his Vertues worth excells:
But he is dead, yet shall he liue,
Fame to his praife shall honor give.

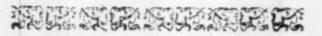
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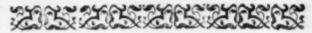
A

Vp

To

Where's now the heart of Flint or Marble stone,
That mournes not for the losse of him so deare?
The Flower of a Kingdomes pride is gone:
No Time, no land brought foorth a worthyer
No King nor Queen a better servant had, (Peere:
No Subject more did make his countrey glad:
And for his sault, to mourne with mee,
Millions of weeping eyes I see.





in Triumph riding.

Who so beheld the choise of natures arte,
with noble presence and Maiestick steps,
When from his chamber honor did depart,
to place preparde a fatall death to setch,
Might there have seene shine in a princely eye,
The beames of honour and nobilitie:
Valiant prowesse, resolution rare,
Vndanted thoughts to death did beare.

Went on as if in heart he had beene glad,
to meete his friends at some great feastiuall.

His noble minde the path of death did tread,
As if it did vnto some triumph lead.
And thus by this thinke in thy thought,
Thou see 'st him to the scaffold brought.

Nay weepe not yet, reade on, an Earle behold, as constant as is beauens celestiall frame:

See how he mounts with valiant courage bold, in bloud to write the letters of his same.

Vpon the scaffold see him walking now,

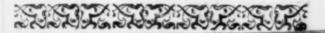
To deaths spectators doth he humbly bow?

Oh her's a sight yet comes a worse,

To make the world that time to curse.

D

Yet





Honours Fame,

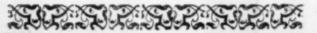
The oracle of godly wisdome then,
with silver sound, these speeches forth did send:
My Lords, and all you worthy Gentlemen,
that comes to see the period of my end.
I not denie, but this contesse I must,
My triall hath beene honourably, just:
And so the lawe my cause did trie,
As justice doom'd me thus to die.

Yet in the presence of that all Creators sight,
before whose throne I presently shall stand:
Against the state I neuer bent my might,
nor gainst my sourraigne reard a traitors hand,
Some private foes my sword would have displast,
By whom I thought my honour was disgrast:
From that intent grew my amis,
For which offence death welcome is.

With things below I have not now to deale, my peace twixt God and confcience must I make: And that my Christ his wouds my wouds may heale pray all with me that God for Christ his sake, Would in his death intombe my finnes most vilde, That dying, I may dye his faithfull childe:

So kneeling downe, zeale, forrow, faith, To God a heavenly praier saith.

Not





in triumph riding.

Not any tongue more heauenly graces spake, not any hart more godly forrow felt.

Not any Prince a wifer prayer could make, not any soule with God and conscience delt. More plainely, nor made better testament, That from this world his soule to glorie went, With gracious spirit he begins, And gratiously his prayer ends.

d:

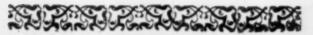
Not

Then rifing vp, with vnstainde glorie still,
he doth himselfe for stroake of death prepare:
Off goes his gowne, and with an humble will,
his band throwne hence, his neck he leaueth bare.
His doublet next, his honoured selfe layes by,
with smiling lookes, and cheereful maiestie,
To read, and weep, is order kept,
With him that sigh'd, and writ, and wept.

The hand that then should fend him to his graue, he calles to see, seare playes the hangmans part, But Noblenesse, a noble welcome gaue, my friend said he, why faints thou in thy hart. Resolute to doe thy office cheerefully, The deaths man kneeling, doth for pardon crye. Honor bids rise, why shouldst thou seare, Thou art but Iustice minister.

D 2

Thus



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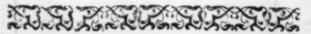
Honours Fame,

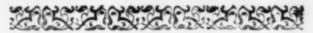
Thus nobly did the life of honors breath,
a conqueror like all worldes respects subdue:
So did he triumph in the gates of death,
as if he then no such like danger knew.
Oh let his fame vnto the world be spred,
Whose fortitude was neuer conquered:
Let thy conceit his action see,
And reade, and sigh, and weepe with me.

Now takes heleaue of all the standers by,
his comely grace was vertues ornament:
Griefe then drownd vp each sad beholders eye,
whilst his blest soule was wrapt in sweet content.
Then kneeling downe, all prostrate slat he lies,
With neck on block, his bloud to sacrifice,
And to his deaths man say he did,
Strike when thou seest my armes are spred.
(throwne,

There might you see how Honour downe was and yet his eyes from earth to heaven ascendse. His youth was like a losty Ceder growne, but now his death his soule to heaven comends. My Christ faith he, I come, thy armes vnfolde, My soule do thou in thy imbracements holde. And thus he bids the world adue, And then his armes abroad he threw.

Stay



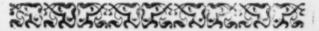


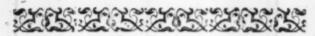
in Triumphriding.

Stay, pawfe, thinke, figh, weepe first, & then read on, now comes a fight to rend woes hart in funder: No mournefull eye did euer looke vpon a wofull worke perform'd with greater wonder. Resolued honour now perceive you may, All tearles for the stroake of death doth stay: His eyes, his lookes to heaven commends, The place to which his foule intends.

Base wretch, whose hand true honors bloud should deaths axe did first into his shoulder strike: (fpill, Vpreard againe he strikes a blow as ill, nor one nor other were directed right. Honor ne're moou'd, athird blow did deuide The body from the worlds admired pride: Was that the way to lofe a head, To have an Earle fo burchered?

From gaping wounds pure streames of bloud gusht from azurd vaines the foode of life distild: (forth Wisedome, loue, faith, renowne and honor both, were all at once thus hackt, thus chopt, thus kild. There was a fight to fend forth forrowes floud, A Swanny whitenes wrapt in robes of bloud: But thinke you faw him, and for his fake, Then let your teares woes period make. Thus





Honours Fame,

Thus masacard in strength of lusty youth,
was Englands Earle, whose worththe world admir'd
His life till now had prou'd his honors truth,
votimely was his fatall death conspir'd.
If any read, whose hand was stain'd therein,
Let some vild death, make known his damned sin,
The rest that mourne, let sorrowes tide
Make honors same in triumph ride.

Go to the Courts of Denmarke, France & Spaine, and fadly tell his dolefull tragicke feane:

And marke what fighs your words will entertaine, and fee what teares from honored eies wil fiteame In any place within earths compafle round,

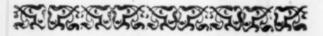
This tale but told, may fighs and teares be found:
Faire Ladies they with drownd vp eies
To honors fame will facrifice.

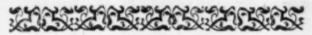
And when report hath tolde his forrowes story, his life and death, and actions done by him:
Then reard vp hands will wonder at his glory, each hearer scemes in sorrowes stouds to swim, And then they say, would not his Queene forgine His fault that such a peerelesse prince might line? Yes, had she knowne as much as they, He had not then beene cast away.

Her

Vn

Vn





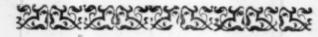
in Triumph riding.

Her Royall brest was faisly oft accused,
of cruell deeds but She was mercies childe
For honors death She well may be excused,
by private tales rough worke was smoathly filde.
Could he but once Her glories fight have gaind,
And vnto Her, his wrongs and woes complaind:
Then had he lived, and that they knew,
Whose hate her hart from him withdrew.

But could her eyes these weeping lines peruse,
her princely teares would show hir forrows griese:
Her selse would say, they did hir grace abuse,
that in that action were the actors chiese.
And truth to say, I thinke her Maiesty:
Was chiesest mourner in that tragedy,
Though now a fluent nimble wit,
Can bouldly play the polliticke.

I doe not striue Inuestinely to speake,
nor haue I will, a wilfull harme to doe:
A peace confirm'd I would by no meanes breake,
yet can I not like fawning flatterers woe.
Let truth be truth, and free the dead from wrong,
And blame him not that sings this forrowes song,
For him who did a fouldier loue,
Whose death a souldiers griefe doeth moue.

Vnto his Country, his honours bloud he gaue, which for his Country, more better had bin spent: Vnkinde his Country, that worthy bloud to craue, which was for her and for her service bent.



Honours Fame,

The world will fay it was vnkindly done:

Though inflice may with this dispence,
It wanted mercies influence.

This Yron world hath Angell mercy left, (driuen:
worlds worldlings they that vertue hence haue
This rotten age is of that grace bereft,
that mercy now is onely plac'd in heaven.
And thither is the ghost of honor fled,
Through ayerie orbes by heavenly angels led,
Vnto that place where loye excels,
And there the soule of honour dwels:

Where God and Christ, and holy ghost combinded in uironde are with glory more, then if

Ten hundred thousand sunnes at once all shinder and clearly should their radient splendence guilt.

Amidst that glory the soule of Esex stands,

In endlesse ioy vpheld by Angels hands,

Then mourne no more, heaven hath his spirit,

Whose life on earth such praise did merit.

But now heavens God, King, Queene & Prince and inviron roud within thy loues protection: (state, Let Britons Monarch like the worlds triumphe rate, rule still in peace, rulde by thy lawes direction. His Nobles blesse, and let no private hate, Procure the meanes our peace to ruinate:

And thus my Muse his farewell gives, And tels the world Fames honour lives.

Z

Who From

Oh gi Whice But we Tofh

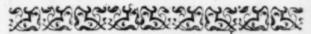
So Thy v For he Tis pr Some

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All!
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Epita. T
Faire H
Natures
Wildon
Engl



Lysb



Upon the Author and his subject.

Thou that true Honor from the graue does traise,
And on Fames golden wings does make it flie:
Who with thy Pen the neuer dying praise,
From ground does lift up to the Starrie skie,
Of that braue Earle, whose life the greatest glory.

Whose death to Britaine yeeldes the saddest florie.

Oh give me leave thy faithfull hart t'admire.
Which suffrest not thy love with him to dye:
But with thy Muse doest make affections fire
To shine most bright, now he intomb'd doth lye.

And as thy fword while he injoy'd his breath,
So now thy Pen doth ferue him after death.
Thy worke I cannot fay doth match his worth,
For heaven and earth doth equall that no more:
Tis praife for Prickets Pen, if it pricke forth
Some gowned Muse his fortunes to deplore.

Schollers and Souldiers both were to him bound,
Why should they not be both like thankefull found:
All those braue Romaines whom the world admir'd
So much for their high magnanimitie,

With morrall vertues were not more inspired,

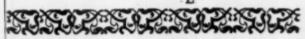
Besides his cleere light of Divinitie.

All his lifes morne he like a Romaine led, At noone like a Divine went to deaths bed.

Epita. There fleepes great Essay, dearling of mankinde, Faire Honors lampe, foule Enuies pray, Artes same, Natures pride, Vertues bulwarke, lure of minde, Wisdomes slower, Valoures tower, Fortunes shame:

Englands sunne, Belgias light, Frances star, Spaines thuder, Lysbones lightning, Irelands clowde, the whole worlds

Ch. Best. Arm. (wonder



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